Still Off Balance?: Korra's Submission to Her Tomboyish Mistress

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by lefemmerougensfw

Summary

Korra is still at a loss after what she did for Manaria, a royal and a tomboy at that, whether kissing her or having sex with her. She wonders if she should escape this situation, or... if she should accept it. As she tries to figure out her next move, Manaria won't stop at anything to ensure that Korra fully submits to her and doesn't even think about trying to escape or flee. She does not want to keep Korra as her prisoner, but rather as an object of her desire. Who will win this contest of wills: Manaria or Korra? You'll have to read to find out.

Notes

This is my sixth-ever smut fic. This continues where part one left off. As a reminder, this fic does not reflect *actual* BDSM practices (which are supposed to be consensual and safe). I used those practices here for storytelling reasons, but you shouldn't act like Korra or Manaria do in this fic in real life. Just thought I'd put that out there.

This fic is divided into three sections, each about 2,000 words long, with breaks to create certain "scenes." This method helped me write each section in a way that made sense. I'm publishing it today because it is the World Day for International Justice, also referred to as Day of International Criminal Justice or International Justice Day, an international day celebrated throughout the world, as part of an effort to recognize the emerging system of international criminal justice. This is almost ironic because Korra isn't getting justice. Instead, she's submitting to domination.

The terms "throne of love", "oyster", "crumpet", "cunnie", "treasure", "prison purse" and "altar of pleasure" are euphemisms for the word "vagina" according to Green's Dictionary of Slang. I used "garden of eden", "special place", "magic garden", and "garden" as other euphemisms for vagina. This ensured that I only used "pussy" twice in the fic, rather than over ten times.

I was inspired by various fics which are listed in the inspiration section. I pulled from articles by San Francisco-based sex therapist Vanessa Marin, who offers various sex coaching and education programs, like "Fun Facts About the Female Orgasm, Explained with Science Projects" (summary of a Wired article which notes that "about 80% of lesbian women orgasm at least half the time they have sex. Only 59% of straight women do. There's more than meets the eye when it comes to the clitoris...[it] is actually wishbone-shaped, and extends up into the body. Other ways women can reach orgasm include fantasizing, nipple play, and even sneezing," some of which I might use in another fic).

I used some of the same sources I used for my other fic, "A Princess, a Captain, and Pleasure "Beyond Anything" She Imagined: Sparkles Gets Chelli to Fulfill Her Promise," specifically one by Ryan Pfeuffer on Kinkly, entitled "The Importance of Aftercare". It quotes sex writer and educator Kate Sloan as saying that sex, especially sex that is rough or involves a kink, can be very physically and emotionally intense, saying it can create "physical and mental effects that manifest after sex – whether immediately after or sometime over the next few days – that may range from mild grogginess or disorientation to deep sadness or shame. This is often a result of physical factors like dehydration and low blood sugar, as well as the steep drop-off of endorphins and the 'return to reality' that happens when a sexual encounter ends." She added, in the same piece, that people having sex are often "exerting a lot of energy...[are] deeply vulnerable, and [are] doing things [they]...may have some lingering shame or guilt about...all of that can catch up with you after sex in the form of 'drop,' a feeling of physical and emotional malaise." I used these ideas in this fic to show *how* Manaria is wearing down Korra.

The lines "It was said that partners shouldn't put pressure those they are having sex with to release and have it become an indicator of their superiority. Surely that was the ideal. This tomboyish princess cared little about that. She wanted Korra's urethra to look like a surfacing dolphin" are based on the final part of an article by sex therapist Vanessa Marin aptly titled "How to Have a Super-Intense Squirting Orgasm," noting the latter should be done in a safe and consensual way. Manaria cares little about that. However, she does care, in a certain way, about Korra, wanting to keep her permanently submissive.

Update #1: This fic has been reposted on Squidge World, Adult-Fanfiction (it is entitled "Korra's Submission to Her Tomboyish Mistress"), and Asian Fanfics.

Update #2: This fic was updated and improved on 11/20/25.

See the end of the work for more notes

- Inspired by Tea Party Talk by patrickhoberg
- Inspired by To the Victor Goes the Spoiled by HeroFizzer
- Inspired by Legend of Korra: Avatar of Domination by JvneBug
- Inspired by A Little Bit Of Something by Ludovicc
- Inspired by Manaria could you please do me a favor? Die for me by Pitten
- Inspired by [Restricted Work] by architecture_in_f1ll0ry
- Inspired by The Great Uniter's bitch by AlexValenti
- Inspired by Avatar no more by AlexValenti
- Inspired by The Bauer Princess' Harem by BellamioneForever2023
- Inspired by "You forgot your promise, but I didnt" by Jayfox
- Inspired by Red Marks of Envy by alesheepie
- Inspired by Vanishing Act by wisteria_16
- Inspired by A Thousand Miles Away, Right at Your Door by Koltlok
- Inspired by Northern Pleasures by EroticaAuthor69XXX
- Inspired by Silk Hiding Steel by Tsuki2359
- Inspired by Master/Apprentice by GhostWriter96
- Inspired by Secret (shh) by liszy

- Inspired by Surrender: Battle Under Zaofu by orphan_account

It had been over a week since she had come to this mansion and left the battlefield near Zaofu. She wasn't even sure *how* she could leave and return to Zaofu even if she wanted to. She remained haunted by the dark shadow version of her, the Dark Avatar. While the woman who'd taken her in, after she lost a battle with her, wasn't aware she was an other-worlder, she sensed that something was bothering her. She could tell that much.

"Miss Korra, you seem down today."

She wanted to remain on good terms with her new maid, who she continued to attempt to win over sexually, through her own acts of domination. So far, she had been *relatively* successful, but it was abundantly clear that she hadn't fully won yet. Even though her work that day had been partially stressful, her libido remained healthy and vibrant. She had even taken several quick walks around the mansion, stretched in a bathroom, and placed hands on her body while at her desk. This had all helped.

When Korra didn't say anything, she continued talking. What she said next contradicted her actions in some ways. It also showed that she did care, on some level, about her servant. She couldn't have her dying. That would be bad in more ways than one.

"You know, we can't play around and keep being mean to each other. If there's no good relationship between us, then it's more likely that *one of us* will get hurt."

Korra rolled her eyes. This woman had *the gall* to say this after everything she had put her through? She growled, not wanting to give in any more than she already had.

"I don't want to be entertaining royalty anymore. It's been enough," Korra began, almost spitting out her words.

Manaria shook her finger. She wouldn't put up with this. She continued her effort to break down this woman. Perhaps *today* would be a breakthrough.

"Aw, buck up, Korra. Don't worry. I'll make sure you're *still* comfortable."

Korra didn't like the sound of that. Not all! Her tone didn't sound promising. She wanted to say something next, but she didn't have much time to think. At the clap of Manaria's hands, servants came rushing into the room and pulled off her maid clothes in one sweep. She wanted to excite her servant, to make their time together enjoyable, and to psychologically change her outlook in order to make her fully and utterly subservient. She had been planning this.

Soon thereafter, Korra was totally in the nude, without any thread left on her body. As she attempted to cover herself up, Manaria told the servants to hand her a new uniform.

"Don't worry, it will fit you perfectly," she smugly said.

Beneath these declarations, she wanted Korra to be healthy. Simply put, if she was injured, then she'd be out of commission for sexual activity for a while. That would require additional planning, making Korra feel out of touch with her body, and start to resist, *again*.

This uniform seemed odd. She had on latex gloves and boots, making it almost impossible for her heels to touch the ground. Manaria placed small chains clipping her nipples together, and a pin squeezing down her clit. Korra was in a very submissive state, ready to be treated as a meal for her master, to fulfill her intimate desire. Pivoting around, Manaria marveled at what was before her.

She reached out toward Korra's personal treasure, wanting to seize it as her own. She cooed, "let's see how excited this made you."

Korra winced after Manaria touched her slit. Soon enough, fluids began to flow out from her special place in-between her legs. Manaria marveled at the sight. "Oh, how sensitive *you have become*."

She licked her lips, sucking up her cum, remarking how tasty it was, then purred. She was getting what she wanted. Korra grimaced at this display. She was beginning to feel weak and embarrassed.

"Now, just wait here. I'll be back," she declared, then began walking out of the room.

Korra stood there like this, unsure what to do with herself, thinking of getting out of this ridiculous outfit. Those thoughts faded after Manaria slapped her on the ass, igniting her desires. She *couldn't help* but obey, as much as she wanted to. She continued to give in.

When Manaria returned a few minutes later, she had changed into a corset which showed off her breasts, squeezing into her skin, completing the look with high-heel latex boots. Rather than a whip, she pulled out a chain, attaching it to Korra's choker, which was still around her neck.

"You will fulfill the desires of your master. That's what I command."

As her heels clicked on the ground, she stopped before Korra, as she continued to salivate. She teased her yet again.

"You have no idea how cute you look as... a *submissive* and *willing* girl."

She came closer, bringing her lips together with that of her servant. While Korra detested such advancements, Manaria's tongue moved around her mouth with ease. Following this, she began laughing. She couldn't believe how submissive the dark-haired woman was being, amused by her non-existent resistance.

As their lips remained locked together, Korra could feel her love juices trickling down her legs. She wasn't sure why, but, perhaps, this woman was doing her dirty *so well* that it was turning her on. Or maybe she liked feeling pleasure, even in a situation like this. In any case, it overwhelmed her other senses. If she had become anxious in that moment, her whole body could have tensed up, making it difficult for her to recognize pain. Instead, she felt joy, happiness, and relief, feeling like it washed away her past trauma, even though it did not do this.

She didn't want to feel this good when treated this way by her new self-declared master. But she did anyway. Her fluids trailing down her legs made her real feelings clear. After Manaria pulled away, she caught the saliva which had bridged their lips, licking it off. As her chest heaved, it almost seemed she was asking for *more*. Manaria couldn't be happier. Her methods seemed to be working to Korra's chagrin.

Speaking to her softly, she asked, "you want more from me? You want me to play with your cunt... and please you?"

Korra would have said nothing, but her feelings manifested themselves so obviously. She caught herself nodding. Manaria began teasing the other woman's clit, causing her cum to continue dripping.

It was said that partners shouldn't put pressure those they are having sex with to release and have it become an indicator of their superiority. Surely that was the ideal. This tomboyish princess cared little about that. She wanted Korra's urethra to look like a surfacing dolphin. That was her goal. She wanted to show her who was boss.

Korra continued looking up at her. Manaria's fingers touched her folds. Once the princess put her fingers inside, Korra's body began to quiver and shake. She moaned loudly as more fluids gushed out. The pleasure was winning her over. She was teased yet *again* by the princess. "You must be *really* into this if that much is coming out!" She laughed, making clear how much she was enjoying this.

She soon shifted her body, as fluids kept dripping down Korra's legs. Her eyes had become dull. As time passed, she was beginning to accept her new role, becoming someone who was only there to pleasure her master. She tried to hold out, but Manaria had *one trick left*. She would win. She was sure of it.

She pulled out a large and girthy object. Korra had never seen anything like it. It was a strap-on, composed of a harness with an o-ring, with the dildo threaded through. She had specifically made it for her. It constructed of a special porous material. This one mixed a jockstrap and a thong together, allowing the person using it to either strap it around the waist or each one of their butt cheeks.

She placed onto her body and strapped it in. Using her waterbending powers, she created her own form of lube, putting it on the surface of this cyan-colored dildo, which matched the color of Korra's eyes, coincidentally enough. She opened up her servant's awaiting prison purse, unlocking it for herself and only her. It continued to tremble.

"You have been such a *good girl*, Korra. You are a big, strong girl. You can handle the next step, which is more intense...just take a deep breath."

Korra did what she demanded. If it had been someone else, perhaps it would have been different. Manaria slowly inserted the dildo in, causing the woman's nerves to explode. Her mind wasn't cast into swirling blues or greens, but she began to shake even more as the intensity of the thrusting began to gradually increase.

Every sensation was like a small climax, leading up to a huge orgasm, which would rock her mind and body. It wouldn't stop after this. Rather, Manaria's actions only served as the opening salvo of what was to come. This trapped Korra in waves of pleasure, something she couldn't escape from. Like many women, her pain threshold had greatly increased. She was craving even more intimacy.

Manaria could have savagely ravaged her. She chose not to. She wanted to see this beautiful woman reduced to someone who accepted her new *submissive* role. This whole process brought her immense joy. Her actions caused Korra's climax to peak. She was beginning to break apart at the seams. Fluids splashed down on her legs, coming out so hard that it looked like a massive downpour.

All Korra's sexual fluid was released, amusing Manaria to no end. She soon pushed a dazed Korra away, and unhooked her chain, as she unclipped the dildo. It fell to the ground and when it landed, it made a loud splashing sound. She had *one more* command for her servant.

"Start eating my pussy, Korra."

She did what her *master* desired. She quickly took off Manaria's pants and began feasting on what was in front of her. In no time at all, her tongue went deep inside the princess's lady garden, causing her mistress's sexual nectar to cover her face.

Manaria cackled yet again.

"You've done this before, haven't you, Korra?"

She didn't answer. She hadn't actually done it with anyone prior to Manaria, Even so, she knew enough about how it felt. Her mistress then gave her a warning.

"Enjoy this taste of defeat. My pussy is gonna be your meal *every day* from now on. Don't you worry."

Korra wasn't sure what to think about this. Before she had any chance to wrap her mind around it, Manaria buried herself in-between Korra's legs, then let out a howl. A certain raw and animalistic energy was pushing her forward. Pleasure began washing over her, with the same happened to Korra as well. The pride and strength of the latter had dissipated into nothingness.

Manaria felt *powerful*. She smirked. She was not disappointed at all. Everything was going much better than she ever planned. She laughed, her cocky arrogance annoying the hell out of Korra. How could she stand this woman? Was it the pleasure, was it yearning, or something else entirely?

"You are dismissed, Korra," she said, almost in a cold way.

She soon had a servant take her back to her room. She wasn't sure what emotion she should be feeling. Relief that it was over? Or terror that this "treatment" had just begun? She didn't know, but she had do something. She couldn't let this go on. She was sweating profusely after

all that had happened that morning. While Manaria would have told her to work, she didn't want *her* prize ruined. She had to be in top shape. This was her sort-of "care" for her.

Even so, taking a break after such sexual intensity gave her a chance to relax and breath, helping her get re-centered. Maybe she could make it through this and confront her challenges head on. She had confidence in herself for that much, regardless of what happened next.

Later that day, after resting for many hours, she was called to dinner. The other servants had put on a massive feast. It looked like it could have fed at least ten people. They brought her to the table, with herself at one end and Manaria at another. She smugly smiled like she knew something was going on. Korra chowed down on the food. At the same time, Manaria only drank some of the wine that the servants had prepared. Something wasn't right. She could tell that much.

She was mildly groggy, disoriented, and deeply sad. While it could be due to low blood sugar and some dehydration, it was also related to how this tomboyish princess had been treating her. There had been a sharp drop off of her endorphins. She had rapidly returned to reality after she came back to her room. She felt physically and emotionally uneasy. Furthermore, she felt inherently disgraceful because she bared so much of herself, made herself so vulnerable. This woman had completely dominated her. She was guilty that she had given in so much. *Why* couldn't she fight back?

"How did you like *our session* today, Korra. Wasn't it splendid?" she began.

Korra wasn't even sure how to respond to that question. How could she answer it? As the other woman stared at her, she could tell that the food had weird substance in it. It might be an aphrodisiac, but she couldn't be sure. She felt her breathing increase rapidly.

Manaria got out of her chair, a malicious smile on her face. This was no hallucination, and it wasn't imaginary. Somehow the food had made her more open to suggestion, when she otherwise wouldn't be. She tried to resist it the best she could. She wouldn't fall for another of her gimmicks. That wasn't her.

This wasn't hypnosis or anything like that. Rather, it was a form of subtle manipulation. Manaria wanted to see if it would work.

"I put some *horny goat weed* in your food. I hope you like it."

Korra growled. She hated being treated this way. Some people thought of sex and intercourse as interchangeable. In reality, thinking of sex in a broader way led to more satisfaction for those involved. Manaria realized this. Sex, for her, was either through oral, manual, mutual, individual, or sensual means, including massages, playing, and fantasizing. She wanted to do *all* of that with Korra.

Manaria laughed and shook her head. She reminded the other woman of her place, yet again.

“Don't forget, you are *mine*. I'll heal you with myself. Then you won't think of anything else except for service to me and me alone.”

This didn't make Korra any more confident. Their earlier session had resulted in some exhaustion. She didn't want to do this anymore. Manaria's sexual needs and desires overrode those of Korra. Due to their situation, she was almost forced to be more intimate even if she wasn't completely in the mood for it.

She whispered in Korra's ear. Her voice was confident but devious at the same time.

"I want you to masturbate and for me to watch."

She was horrified. She shouted back. "I'll never fulfill some vile fantasy like that! I just *won't*!"

She tried to hold herself together. She *wouldn't* let herself be played like a toy, only to be discarded. Unfortunately for her, Manaria's words had an effect. She couldn't stop herself. She was easily overwhelmed and unable to control her actions. She hated this loss of control.

Her hands got to work. She suddenly took off her pants. Korra wasn't sure what was coming over her. Somehow, her desires overwhelmed her ability to fight back. Manaria kept cackling.

"I guess my words worked *after all.*"

She continued to smirk. Korra didn't know what to say about herself. It was utterly shameful, to say the least. The princess's eyes glinted with desire, as she watched the other woman.

Korra's face was in utter disbelief, as her hands went inside her panties, which were getting wetter and wetter, soaked with her love juices which were coming out of her own precious garden of eden. As her fluids spread down her legs, Manaria swiped some of the cum onto her finger, then presented it to Korra. Not knowing what to do, Manaria gave yet another wild suggestion.

"Lick your cum off my fingers. *Do it*."

Again, Korra tried to resist, but her desires kept overrode her reason. She licked ferociously, so much that it even surprised her. This led to a hearty laugh from Manaria. How much this girl had fallen. Where had her resistance gone? It seemed it had fallen away.

"You are such a perverted girl. You like to taste your cum on my fingers, *oh my*."

She then teased her once more. She felt like she had to.

The physical stimulation from the princess re-awakened her sex drive, making her feel sexual desire again. Many other women were like that, not feeling the desire to have sex until they started something physical. Korra was like that more than Manaria. That was something the latter had realized almost *immediately*. She wanted to exploit it.

What better opportunity to make Korra realize that she had to submit, or more accurately, that she *would* submit, no matter her protestations. That was the reality here.

"Didn't you call yourself the Avatar? Where's that fire, that spunk. It's gone. Now all you are is *my* bitch."

Korra was horrified to hear that. But she knew that Manaria was right. She bowed her head in dishonor. How could she do this?

Manaria took one step further. With Korra's legs covered with her own cum, as she sat in the kitchen chair, continuing to take deep breaths, Manaria had one last suggestion. She wasn't sure if this would work, but she wanted to try.

"Offer yourself to me, *completely*, without any question."

Korra's mouth felt pasty and her tongue heavy. She tried with every fiber of her body to stop herself. She even used her fist, placing it into her mouth, muffling her voice. She hoped that would end her compliance, at least for long enough. Manaria knew this trick, and pulled the fist away, holding it above Korra's head. There was no way she could stop the words from coming out of her mouth now.

"Mistress, I offer myself, my body, my soul to you *completely*. Let me be your servant, for life."

Korra could barely even comprehend her words. Manaria stared at her again, clearly showing her superiority. She smiled with a hint of victory. This had been almost too easy. What had Korra done? What had this lady done to her? The fact that she said it was a turning point. There was no going back from it.

"I'm glad to hear that, Korra. You are a *good* girl. Remember that your pleasure is *my* pleasure."

She proceeded to pet Korra's hair, stroking it gently. It remained an open question as to whether she had won. Korra did not feel that was the case. Manaria felt that she had finally won, with Korra accepting her domination and her place in this mansion.

She then told Korra to moan as loud as she could. She complied, putting her fingers inside her magic garden, which continued to drip cum across the floor, still under the influence of this drug. As time went on, she became more and more distanced from reality. Manaria sweetly praised her, delighting at what she saw before her.

"You look *so beautiful* now. It's amazing what a little time can do."

More than anything else, Korra was becoming undone. How could she recover? How could she go back to what she had before? As her fingers began pulsating, her cum spurted across the table, as she finally felt relief and relaxation. As she gained more of her faculties again, she sneered at Manaria. "Fuck you, lady."

Manaria shook her head. She had expected this. None of the venom behind Korra's words was there. It was just a way for her to save face.

"Maybe next time, we'll do that. For now, you need to go back to your room. I imagine after making such *progress*, you are exhausted."

Korra didn't offer any resistance. She let a servant, who entered the room after Manaria clapped her hands, take her back to her room. They did not say anything about the cum on her legs, or the fact she was partially naked. It did not seem to faze them for some reason.

When she returned to her room, she felt utterly humiliated. She had been completely broken. Manaria had won. She had got what she wanted. One of the worst parts about this was the fact that she didn't even get to eat the food that had been in front of her. She almost thought that this princess *wanted* to starve her.

She still aimed to escape this reality. But she hadn't figured out how. She'd have to escape before she totally lost it. She was so exhausted that she didn't even bother to change her clothes as she laid on the bed. Part of her worried that she might have lost already and that she should accept her defeat. She couldn't. She *hated* losing. She wouldn't give up. That wasn't in her nature.

Not long after, a servant knocked at her door. She hadn't expected this. She opened the door, and the woman made a slight bow. She remarked, "this is from Miss Manaria. She is sorry she can't join you tonight. She had some royal business to attend to. Please take this tray."

Korra complied. After she closed the door, she opened up each metal dome covering. One had mashed potatoes and gravy. Another had brussel sprouts with a special sauce. The last one had some spaghetti with tomato sauce and cheese. She couldn't believe this. Manaria cared about *her*.

As she chewed on her food, she saw a note written beneath one of the porcelain plates. The outside of the white paper card had the word KORRA written in beautiful cursive. Opening up the paper card, she could tell it was written by her mistress.

"You are an incredible woman. I can't control myself when I'm around you. I love how close we feel when we are together."

The letter was signed MANARIA SOUSSE.

She added a postscript at the end, saying, "I'm sorry I drugged your food tonight. I just wanted to play with you. Can we have fun again some other time? I'll be off limits for a while, due to some royal issues, but I'll be ready whenever you want to express yourself, to give into to what you desire in your heart-of-hearts, to feel wanted by someone who loves you. I can't stop thinking about how sexy you are."

Below this was one final line: "your faithful mistress. Love and kisses. Hope you have a good sleep tonight."

Korra smiled. She liked to feel *wanted*. She knew that Manaria was putting herself out there, putting her vulnerabilities on the line. Her extra effort did a lot. She started to realize that her mistress really did care about her, that their time together was special. She had been chosen to be there. Manaria didn't have to do that. She could have let her lie on the ground of the arena

and die. She brought her into the mansion to ensure she survived. That surely meant something. She wanted to have sex with her again.

Any possible doubts she had about her mistress had faded away. She wanted this woman to keep finding ways to pleasure each part of her private areas in the ways she chose. She *needed* her to do that. She *wanted* her to do that. Something inside her had changed, like a switch being flipped on the wall. It couldn't be easily reversed. She wanted Manaria to help her find herself. She had fully succumbed to her mistress's domination. She would be submissive than deal with all that Avatar junk. She was safe and protected here. Sure, she had to serve her mistress, but it was better than almost dying.

Days past. Korra found herself complying with every request from her mistress. Sometimes, her mistress would hit her on the ass. Other times, she'd just fondle her breasts when she went by. Mostly that didn't happen. The fact that it could occur kept her on edge. She could feel herself falling further into the grasp of this mistress, a woman who had beat her handily in a magic battle. One day changed that. This time, the woman came to *her* room. She was dressed in a revealing outfit, which surprised Korra a bit.

Manaria was someone who liked to show off her body. Any good servant might have looked away. Korra wasn't one of those. She was devoted. She looked right at her. While, for some, ogling her body was out of the question, none of that applied to her. In fact, Manaria had, without a doubt, fallen in love with her. She was infatuated with her, keeping her around as someone to fulfill her desires, to *dominate*. This necessitated caring for her, along with friendly encouragement.

Some might think that the other servants, in the mansion, were jealous and annoyed. They were not. In fact, they decided to not pay attention to what was going on. After all, she employed them and treated them fine, so what did they have to worry about? They had no reason to report what happened in the mansion to *anyone*. She seemed to be treating Korra *nice* from what they could see, not abusing her. Surely, she was strong and dominating, but they saw that as a sign of being a caring mistress. She could have left Korra to die in that arena. But she didn't.

Manaria was a quad-caster, allowing her to control every element. Within the royal families, there was complete acceptance, and general acceptance across the population of the kingdoms, of gay people and gay relationships. As such, her dominating another woman wasn't seen as a problem nor an issue. In fact, she was almost destined for it, due to her royal position. That's just who she was.

None of them knew who Korra was, where she had come from, or why she was there. They didn't care. If she had ever asked them for help, they would have refused. After so fully accepting her role as a submissive woman, she didn't even think about running away, nor about resisting, anymore. She had accepted her position in the mansion. It was somewhere where she could explore her desires without dealing with wars, death, creeping fascism, destruction, or anything else. She could live in happy bliss.

Manaria pulled out her wand and snickered. While it was not directly flared or flanged on its base, due to the fact that it was not a sex toy designed to sexually pleasure someone, such as

a butt plugs, beads, or a stimulating massager, it did have a long shaft which went to a point, plus a magic stone. The latter powered the wand, allowing it to create various phenomena. Using her control over water, as a quad-caster, she created her own special kind of lube, placing it onto the shaft itself, so that it could go inside Korra that much easier. She wanted her servant to have awe-inspiring, strong orgasms.

"Korra, lift your ass for your mistress. I have a *special present* for you today."

Almost like a puppet on a string, she did as the tomboyish princess commanded. Her eyes began to widen as she felt the wand's cool, smooth surface, covered with a certain lubricant, press against her ass. She felt horny and *wanted* this woman to utterly devour her. She didn't even care that it was humiliating. Pleasure was all that mattered.

As the sensations kept growing inside her, as Manaria smoothly and gradually pushed the wand inside her rectum, using her skilled hands to guide it in, without causing any injury. Korra began to gasp, with increasing pleasure. A low moan released from her mouth, something she didn't even attempt to stop. It was followed by an intensity she hadn't expected, as the wand slid in deeper. She was happy to oblige to her mistress, who licked her lips like a lion going in for the kill.

Rather than feeling any discomfort, pain, or overstimulation, her body began bursting from all the sparkling pleasure, as the wind started to be knocked out of her. She knew the wand was an object that didn't belong there. It felt *wrong*. Even so, she felt extremely satisfied the wand kept going into her ass. She had once said she didn't like being a puppet or being manipulated. If that was still the case, then it begged the question as to why she remained in this mansion. Simply put, Manaria had won her over. Her domination had been so total that its tentacles had reached deep into Korra's mind, burying her other feelings. She had been slowly, and systematically, lulled into becoming submissive.

Manaria repeated the same process over and over, as she slowly increased the wand's pace into her nether region, almost pushing her over the edge, satisfying her deep-held desires. She obeyed without a second thought. Manaria proceeded by sliding in one of her fingers into Korra's awaiting garden. She desired this pleasure. She had no guilt about what she had done. None at all.

All these sensations overwhelmed her with feelings she couldn't get away from. Her love juices began to spurt out from such intensity. She couldn't hold it in any longer. She had to release. She could have said no. She could have called this off and said she wasn't interested. Instead, she nodded impulsively, looking upward at her mistress with love in her in her eyes. She had more adoration than fury or anger, accepting her judgment, as her love juices covered her legs and started to pool on the ground.

The tomboyish princess teased her.

"You are such a good girl, *my* Korra. You are now my *wand bitch*," she declared victoriously.

Korra knew she was right. She had been undone by all this intensity, which had blasted herself into an orgasm. Manaria stared at her wand and spoke sweetly, as her servant continued moaning.

"Oh my, Korra. You are so wet. I never thought I'd see the *proud* Avatar like this."

She kept squirming, especially after the handle of her mistress's wand came out of her ass and rubbed against her altar of pleasure. It was slick and covered in her sweet cum, which was dripping off of it. Manaria wasn't done yet. Broken by the pleasure she had experienced, she didn't speak one word in protest. She accepted, or more accurately, *welcomed* her mistress's continued sexual conquest. After casting the appropriate spell, she changed her wand into the shape that would bring her servant the most possible pleasure.

"Transform," she uttered. This changed the wand, almost instantly, into an object which wasn't like a dildo. It was, rather, a sort of magic sex toy, if you could call it that. The wand was something slender and flexible but not pointy or uncomfortable. It would put a certain amount of pressure in an area of Korra's body which had already become more sensitive after her intense wand play.

She forcibly pulled Korra close and prepared her wand. Surely it was no substitute for her soft lips, her fingers, or *proper* custom-made sex toys. Korra had reached a state of mind that she never thought she would. She had given in, fully and completely, to this woman. She was willing to let this woman fuck her with this wand *again*. She wanted that. She felt she needed that.

Going beyond how she felt when this object had been in her ass, she came hard and quickly. She coated the wand and Manaria's hand, along with the floor, all of which were within her splash zone. She moaned loudly, the sound echoing across the room. This was followed by a whimper. Her thick cum, which coated the floor, the wand, and her mistress's hand, glistened under the light. The tomboyish mistress didn't even try to let up. She kept going and thrusting the wand inside until she was fully satisfied.

As she began to breathe heavily, her mind went blank from the pleasure she had experienced. She could only focus on her mistress's lips. What Manaria had done with her felt so *damn good*. She craved it. She liked being submissive. Manaria smiled mischievously. She could practically feel the excitement of her servant. Cum continued dripping down Korra's legs. Her panties were completely soaked. The pleasure and touch she got from her mistress was nothing like she'd ever felt before.

Hazy warmth flowed through her body, as she became even more desperate. Her moans were deep and guttural, consuming all of her thoughts. She'd never been fucked like this, ever before. Manaria observed this submission, licking her lips sexily, admiring the muscular body in front of her.

"Korra, take off all your clothes. You need to make *me* feel good too," she said in a soft, flirty tone.

She nodded as pleasure continued to course through her body. Her desire won over anything else floating around in her mind. She wasn't short-circuiting. Instead, she had opened herself up to any possible arousal from her tomboyish mistress. The latter only wanted to get bolder as her foreplay continued.

She quickly took off each piece of clothing, throwing them to the ground. Manaria pushed her servant onto the nearby bed. "That's a good girl, *my* Korra. And *good girls* get pleased by their mistresses." Placing her wand on the ground, with cum dripping off the shaft, she brought her face close to Korra's throne of love, wanting to turn her into more of a breathless mess than she already was. Almost in anticipation of what her mistress was about to do to her, intense heat started gathering there. Her eyes opened wide when she felt her mistress touching her cunnie, which was sopping wet with her cum.

The touch was driving her wild. As she tingled all over, Manaria started tenderly pumping her slender finger in and out, followed by a second finger, causing Korra to begin drowning in a sea of ecstasy.

Her mistress smiled happily, as she removed her finger and licked it. "You taste *divine*, my Korra."

She could have sucked the woman's precious oyster directly. She wanted to try something different this time. She wanted this woman to *want* her. Her methods worked. Korra's body was aflame with pleasure, her own crumpet continuing to throb. She was under her mistress's full control, with drool dripping out of her mouth.

While it would have been easy for Manaria to dominate over Korra based on their desires, it was much more satisfying to fulfill her own desires. She didn't feel shameful for prioritizing herself and her control, so she could be more assertive and dominant. She *wanted,* and *needed,* to have control over this woman in order to make herself feel powerful. It was delicious for her. For some, dominance could be strict and mean. It wasn't that way for Manaria. Not in the slightest.

Korra fully accommodated these desires. She realized that she would do whatever she could to make Manaria happy. In the process, she could live in peace and harmony. She wouldn't have it any other way. Losing that fight may have been the best thing that happened to her. At least that's how she saw it *now*. If she had been in a different headspace, she might be furious.

Asami, or anyone else back in her previous world, would have told her to snap out of it. As it stood now, she genuinely wanted to stay in the mansion, serve her mistress, and remain submissive. Nothing would change that. Perhaps she *wanted* to be off balance. Whether this would continue would be up to her and how Manaria acted, as any possible cracks could emerge if her living situation was upended.

End Notes

I had so much to say in the ending note that I had to add some to the opening note. This fic was inspired a little by Vanessa Martin's "The Nice Person's Introduction to Rough Sex" (saying how to do it in a safe and consensual way), "The Beginner's Guide to Using a Strap-On" (again, how to use it in a safe and consensual manner), "What to Do If You're Too Tired for Sex", "How to Ask Your Partner for Sex So They'll Enthusiastically Say Yes", "How to Keep Your Sex Drive Up After a Long Day at Work", "A Lady's Guide to Getting to Know Your Genitals", "How to Have a Sex Life When You're Dealing with Injuries and Illnesses", and "No, Sex Shouldn't Hurt: What to Do if You're Experiencing Sexual Pain."

Otherwise, I read articles about wand vibrators and adapted that into my description of Manaria's wand going into Korra. When I looked up "object insertion" and "wand" on AO3, I found thirty-eight fics. Of those fics, twenty-two were related to characters and situations in Clarry Ropper by that fucking transphobic British woman. Sixteen others involved other fandoms. More specifically, for the final section of this fic, the articles The ultimate guide to rimming" (by sex/relationships journalist Beth Ashley), "The Beginner's Guide to Butt Play" (by the aforementioned Vanessa Martin), plus articles/posts by Kate Sloan like "Review: Magic Wand Waterproof", "A Beginner’s Guide to My Favorite Vibrator Ever, the Eroscillator", "Review: Romulus Shop Olympia 10-Speed Wand", "5 Must-Have Props For a Forced-Orgasm Scene", "In Praise of the Humble Wand Vibe (+ Win a Lelo Smart Wand!)", "Review: Shibari Mini Halo Wand", "Review: Doxy Wand", and "I'm Surprised By How Much I Love This Little Lelo Vibe", "Review: CalExotics Red Hot Flare", and "Review: Loveorl 2-in-1 High-Frequency Clitoral Sucking Vibrator". Also, the "Magic" page on the Wataoshi fandom site was helpful to provide some information about wands in ILTV. Some other links like "5 Ways To Tap Into Your Dom Energy" and "12 Days of Girly Juice 2020: 5 Sex-Savvy Superheroes" were helpful as well.

Lastly, the ten-chapter fic, "Pedal to the Metal" did provide some inspiration but not enough to justify adding it to the inspirations section for this fic, especially since that fic is rated Teen and Up.

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